

Christmastide Season of Love

To love is to live. To aspire is to grow into larger life. Lowly was the origin of man. Long and lagged has been the story of human unfolding. Lofty beyond our imagining, is our certain destiny.

"It does not yet appear what we shall be."

At Christmastide the western world is bathed in the finer ether of love and aspiration. We celebrate a spiritual attitude. Some of us acclaim a God become flesh, and all of us hail the Human Being growing gradually and steadily in God-ness.

To love is to live. To aspire is to grow.

Then let us love, that we may know more of life.

Daily let us widen the spiral of our sympathy, until it includes not only our kind of blood and our kind of soul, but even those whom the various and dividing differences among men keep far distant from our understanding and good will.

Let us crowd hatred out of our hearts by flooding them with love.

And may we aspire always to grow in human stature.

In the greatest and best that have been, may we see the image of what we might be.

Always may we be haunted by that "sublime discontent" which proclaims our dissatisfaction with the MEN WE ARE and our aspiration toward the Greater Man, the very God we CAN be.

Happiness--the World's Great Force

It Is the Power That Lifts Humanity and the Individual.

Happiness is a beautiful word; it represents to the mind the perfect condition. It is a force of the soul that triumphs over difficulties, makes the hard road seem smooth and the tall mountain easy to climb.

Happiness is the power that lifts man above material conditions, lifts him with self-confidence, and especially with a desire to extend to others the happiness that is within him.

Happiness transforms the human face and the mind, and to the eyes of the happy man it transforms the whole of the world. A dark and murky day becomes gay and cheerful to the working, honest soul that has found happiness.

Happiness is the reward of EVERY good action. Happiness is as diverse in its nature as are human beings in their individualities.

The mother with her helpless child, caring for it, sacrificing herself, is blissfully happy. Her happiness is in self-denial.

And He taught us that real happiness is found in love for one another, in love which is always unselfish and noble when it is pure. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

A NEW commandment, indeed, given to a world of brutality; a commandment that must sound strangely into some of our ears now, but a commandment that is ETERNAL, AND THAT WILL ONE DAY BE THE LAW FOR EVERY LIVING CREATURE.

If you were celebrating the birthday of your father you would want to do some one thing that would please him. On Christmas we celebrate the birthday of a great, unselfish spirit—one that found happiness in giving up all for others.

Spread happiness around you. Cultivate happiness within yourselves. It is the force that moves the world—the force that will make this dull civilization and this harsh earth a paradise, indeed.

Giordano Bruno, burned alive for the truth, tied to the stake and speaking kindly to the unthinking little child that carried a faggot to put at his feet, died happy—happy that he could testify in death to the truth for which he had lived.

Newton, working out the long and painful mathematical calculations destined, he hoped, to prove the accuracy of his theory, found that mathematics, eternally truthful, was about to reward him. Overcome with happiness, he could not go on, and others finished for him the calculation that confirmed the immortality of his name and glory. His was the supreme happiness of cold, intellectual achievement—a happiness that might be compared to that of the ordinary man as you compare a sharp, well-cut, glistening diamond to a soft, perishable fruit.

The man who fights for his country and is rewarded is happy. The man who plods on unknown, unrecognized each day in his dull routine, working for those that need him, is happy.

The man of any kind WHO WORKS FOR ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, OR LOVES ANOTHER UNSELFISHLY AND TRULY, IS HAPPY.

Happiness is the world's great power; the most beautiful thing on this earth; the thing that for all human beings is the most to be desired.

The Christmas holidays are the season for happiness for many. They should mean happiness for all, and will mean happiness for all one day. Christmas is the most beautiful of all days of the year, because it has become a day dedicated especially to giving happiness to others.

Happiness once created is eternal. It goes on, blessing him that gives and him that receives. It spreads from one to another; it brings the warmth of the sun and the beauty of nature into the human heart. It makes the old young; it is the reward of the young and the strong that give happiness to those that are old and to those that are weak.

"Trading Unity for North America"

Here's a Wise Canadian.

Mr. Cromie's Vancouver Sun talks good common sense for all this continent. "Political ties and empire loyalty have nothing to do with trade conditions and commercial facilities."

Mr. Cromie observes that the British embargo shuts Canadian cattle out of Britain as effectively as the Fordney tariff shuts the cattle out of the United States.

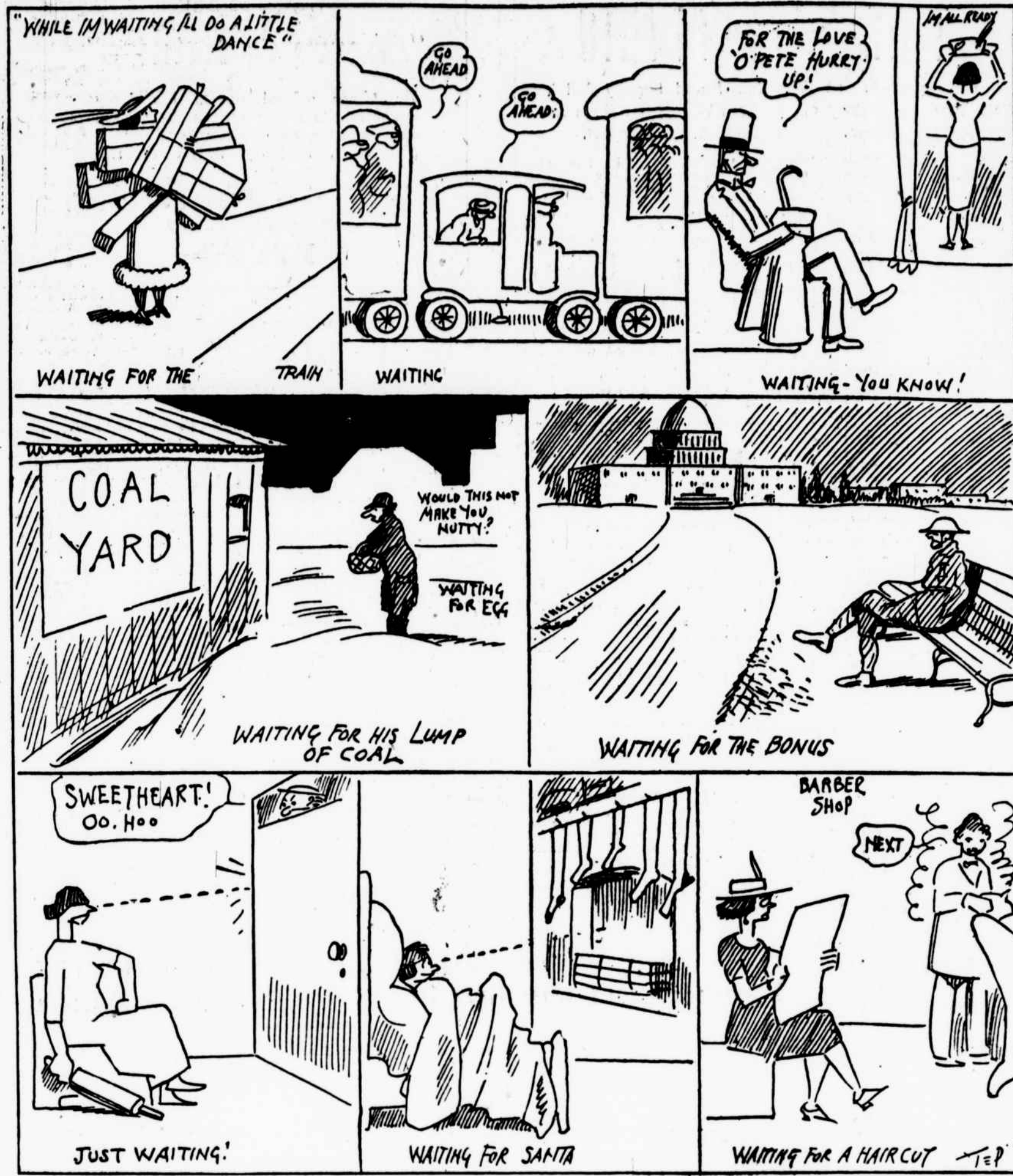
The solution of many problems, says Mr. Cromie, is for the United States, Canada and Mexico "to recognize the unity of North America for trading purposes."

That is sound. Nobody here in the United States wants for Canada anything but the fullest measure of prosperity. The two countries, both republics, in spite of Canada's loyalty to the British Empire, should co-operate as friends in good-natured rivalry. Canada teaches us many things by her energy, her power to make government useful to the people. Certain things, perhaps, we can teach her.

In any case, we live in friendship, no soldiers on the frontier, no battleships on the lakes and rivers between us—and may there never be any.

Here in North America white civilization may one day make its victorious stand against yellow Asia, after Europe shall have fought herself into feebleness. All North America, closely united, not forgetting Mexico, and ATTENDING TO ITS OWN BUSINESS, need fear nothing outside.

The Xmas Waits



WORDS FROM THE LIPS OF WISE MEN

THE seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.

Joy descends upon us like the evening dew and does not patter down like a hailstorm.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do exercises the truest humility.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill. We may be independent if we will.

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness if it suppresses his virtue and hides it from the world when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself.

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SAP AND SALT

By BERT MOSES

It is easier to keep fat than fit.

Custom is an excuse that many a man offers to his conscience.

Some people spend nine-tenths of life keeping out of a draught.

Men who buy houses first and autos afterward are looked upon as eccentric.

The son going to college can teach his father more things than the colleges teach the son.

A farmer's ambition is to move to town and loaf, while a city man wants to do his loafing on a farm.

A certain amount of rheumatism is necessary to qualify you for a reliable weather prophet.

Whatever you expose yourself to, you get, and this applies to happiness as well as to flu.

The supreme duty of both the government and the individual is to get along without things that can't be afforded.

Hez Heck says: "Don't use your hindsight on yer troubles."

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Counting Human Hairs

After counting all the hairs on the heads of the students, two professors at the university in Munich, Germany, found that men have from 40,000 to 50,000 hairs on their heads, while women have from 60,000 to 70,000.

Lucy Lowell Tells How Lonely Little Xmas Tree Became Most Beautiful in City

By Lucy Lowell.

THERE will be no very great effort at philosophy in this article. Indeed, I shall not conspicuously hold out a claw to a new thought!

But if you should look 'round for yourself and find one, a new thought, why, I should love it! So here is my story of a Christmas tree.

It stood in quite the greenest, spiciest, delectablest, Christmas-tree place in the whole city, and that was the market-place itself. And it was one of a whole forest of trees, firmly rooted in strange and earthlike wooden stands; so firmly rooted that it was exactly as if they stood on their northern hillside with the Arctic wind crooning through their branches and stray snowflakes settling on their needles.

And what do you think my own little Christmas tree kept sighing as the wind, not its own northern wind, but the gentler city wind, rushed along the street and gave it the ability to talk? Not a sigh at all, but more a prayer, like this:

"Great God of Christmas, whom I serve with my greenness and fragrance, let me help to make this Yule day merry."

And the forest grew smaller and smaller as Christmas Eve wore along. People came and bargained in bluff, cheery voices. Money clinked. Trees were carried away and decorated with shining stars and tinsel and golden balls and things that glittered and gleamed with candles flaring like symbols of the eternally recurring miracle of birth and life.

And the trees leaned a little toward the bargainers and nodded in welcome and were happy.

But the evening wore alone and the sidewalk forest grew thinner and thinner and only a half dozen of them were left, and then only three, and at last only another besides this one. Then the other was carried away and the clock struck midnight and the market man turned out his lights

and went away and there was darkness; still, still darkness.

The little Christmas tree dropped in sorrow and what the wind drew from its branches was very like a sob. No glitter, no gleam, no shining star!

But the Christmas angels sent rain in the night and the wind grew fiercely, wondrously cold, so that every drop, every point of moisture, was frozen.

And when the Christmas sun rose the little Christmas tree was decked in frost-work like chains of silver cut by a master hand, and with gleaming points of ice brighter than all the candle flames in all the whole great city.

And a wandering sunbeam caught the frozen raindrop on the very topmost twig and set it ablaze, and it was so golden and splendid that it almost might have been the Bethlehem star itself.

And there was a man for whom Christmas had died long, long before, and he saw the little Christmas tree and he stopped and uncovered his head and, yes, I do believe it was true, he whispered a prayer.

And there was a woman who bore the mark of too much life on her face, and she stopped on her furtive way to look and wonder, and finally to stand with tears running down her cheeks.

There were little newbies, and you'd have known they'd never had a part in the holiday before if you watched them gather. And poor, tired old men came up from round the corner and down the narrow street where no hope is. And scrubwomen straightened their bowed shoulders, and, oh, what a party it was to be sure!

And the little Christmas tree shimmered and glistened and shed the star upon its very topmost twig, and I am sure I understood what it said in the wind: "Great God of Christmas, I have served to make this Yule day merry!"

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STUDENTS ASK FOR THRILLS; LACK THRIFT

By Universal Service.

BERKELEY, Cal.—The average college person thinks of only one thing. He is short-sighted in financial matters.

This opinion, based upon a survey of the manner in which students use their pocketbooks, was given to the University of California student body recently in an address by Prof. N. J. Silberling, of the department of economics.

In part, he said: "The average college student lacks thrift."

Students of today are spending too much for thrills. The pleasure of the moment seems to be the only consideration.

There is not enough money spent by students for books and such things as add to the accumulation of knowledge.

Referring to the student who is forced to work his way through college, Prof. Silberling said:

"In his case thrift is a forced habit, and in case of persistence it is to be admired."

In contrast with such a student, Prof. Silberling discussed another type, stating:

"He is the obnoxious student who, though he has as much to spend as anyone, plays the part of social sponge while his own capital remains untouched."

Another example of false thrift is that of the student who invents a hundred pathetic ways of living within an inadequate income instead of planning one effective way of obtaining the necessary income.

"Such a student is not to be admired for thrift, because he shows stupidity and little initiative."

Continuing his remarks on thrift, Prof. Silberling said:

"Students are not to be blamed for careless spending, because all young people are guilty of thriftlessness to a certain extent. There is no incentive for them to be otherwise."

The professor urged parents to allow their sons and daughters to college "a little leeway" in money matters—those who can possibly afford to—stating that there are so many activities at college in which wide-awake young people must take part, and that all cost money.

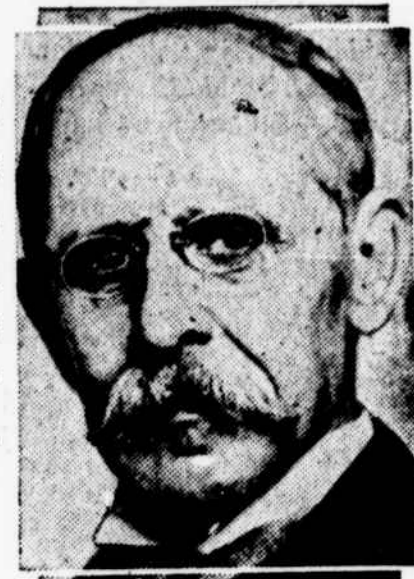
He deplores the system, but claimed that it could not be changed.

German Shave Costs 2 Eggs

BERLIN—The barbers of Ochsensuhl, in South Germany, have issued a new price table in which the following items occur: Shave—2 eggs. Haircut—4 pigs.

GARRETT P. SERVISS ON A BEE CHARMER

More Experiences of Girl Who Makes Pets of Dangerous Little Insects Which Most People Give Wide Berth—How Strange Power Is Acquired.



GARRETT P. SERVISS.

By Garrett P. Serviss,

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

I TOLD last summer of my bee charming power (if it should be called so) of my cousin, a very well known to all her intimate friends. It seems mysterious because it is not often seen in operation, but I have no doubt that every normal human being possesses the germ of it.

Its basis is an open, unprejudiced, friendly character, loving all nature, without guile and consequently without suspicion—the kind of character that put St. Francis in a lofty niche of the world's history. But it is a delicate flower which does not rejoice and freely flourish in the poisonous social atmosphere that man has created for himself. Those in whom it blooms best are those who live closest to unsophisticated nature.

Had a lot of fun this fall," writes my cousin, "with some honey-bee workers. The early frost just about killed the flowers, so I had a number of bee friends, who came to be fed on pears. They became very tame. Two of them let me rub them while they were eating. One stopped for a second and turned its little head and looked at me. I went on eating. Their little hairy bodies are just like velvet."

Yellow Jacket on Eyeglass.

"Also there was a cute little yellow jacket. And one day one of those long-legged black wasps that I have never cared much for wanted to wash its face after eating, so flew up on one of my glasses and sat there, washing its face."

"My latest friend was a bird—starling. You know them? A good-sized bird. Found him one morning in the garret, flying wildly around. I opened a window and by noon he had gone. He was there again next morning. He wasn't so much afraid, flew around a bit, then on a line, then down on the floor, walking around. I opened the window, stepped aside, and out he went."

"The next morning I heard a noise up there, and there he was, trying to fly through the glass. He would not get away from the window. Sat on the upper part of the window sash while I looked at him and rubbed him. Also sat on the window while I raised the window with him on the sash. Then I shoved him off and he waited nearby until I had it fixed; then flew out. Marion thinks that in some way these creatures feel that they will not get hurt."

I may add that the animal-

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